

'ROUNABOUT' THE STATE.

Cleaned from Exchanges—Made by the Shears, the Pencil and the Paste Pot—Some Original, Some Credited, and Some Stolen, but Nearly All Interesting Reading.

Cape Girardeau boasts of a messenger boy who refused to accept a tip.

Cole Younger is seriously sick at his home at Lee Summit. He is said to have dropsy of the liver.

Dan Sellers of Mendon sold for \$5 a pelican that he killed out of a flock flying over town the other day.

From fifty stands of bees J. R. Marye of Hunceton has just harvested one thousand pounds of honey.

A Boonville man and his family have started on their third annual houseboat trip to New Orleans.

A tobacco gourd 200 years old is a relic owned by a Monroe county man. It is a family heirloom and highly prized.

Hal Scott, an itinerant fiddler of considerable renown, played for the beany bunch one night last week.—Ethel Courier.

What is said to be the largest ear of corn ever seen by many is on display at the Bank of Skidmore. It has 30 rows of grains around it and 55 grains long.

A garter snake that earns its board is reported from Hollister. A merchant there is reported as the owner of the pet, which keeps his store free from rats and mice.

Active work has started on the pavement which, when completed will give Grant City almost nine blocks of paved streets in addition to the pavement already in use.

An Odessa prodigy, 5 years old, can play the piano and drive a motor car, says the Kansas City Times. No doubt he can also talk fluently on the war progress in Russia.

The Oregon canning factory closed Thursday of last week, Sept. 23, with nearly a record breaking pack of corn, 10,000 cases, and said to be one of the best, if not the best ever packed.

"Making him ride the goat" is what they call initiating a new preacher at Maryville, and the Tarkio Avalanche thinks this is far better than merely making him the goat, as they do in many towns.

After a chase lasting two and one-half hours, five thoroughbred hounds belonging to A. M. Morgan of Lawrence county, ran down and killed a wolf larger than any killed in that county for years.

Kirkville girls won't go with boys who smoke cigarettes. Kirkville boys won't go with girls who use powder and paint or who chew gum. Neither faction has had a word to say about eating onions.

Sterling Lycurgus Bradley, Linn county's pioneer druggist, has announced his decision to retire. Mr. Bradley began "rolling pills" at Linn in 1859 and has been in business at his present location since 1875.

Mrs. Sarah Crowder of Gentryville is said to pick her hens to make 'em lay. This summer she picked all the feathers from 75 hens, and while it apparently inconvenienced them for awhile, she claimed her yield of eggs made it worth while.

People of Blue Ridge and vicinity are all excitement over the discovery of gold in their midst. While digging a well on his farm Leonard Archer, living 2 1-2 miles east of Blue Ridge, at a depth of 20 feet found a good sized nugget and a large vein of sand containing flake gold. It is said that the jeweler at Gilman says it is gold and specimens have been sent to Columbia for test. Report is that Mr. Archer has been offered \$200 per acre for his land.—Bethany Clipper.

There is no place like home even to a hog. A Saline county stockman shipped stock one day last week and was surprised the next day when one of the hogs he had sent away to be loaded on a train at Dewitt was back in the farm feed lot. Inquiry disclosed that the hog had escaped the drivers at Dewitt and had swam the Missouri river to get home.

Charles Siebel of Hannibal was killed and his wife, who before her marriage was a Macon resident, was seriously injured, Sunday, when Mr. Siebel lost control of the automobile in which they were riding near Louisiana. The car plunged off a high culvert. This was the first death as the result of an automobile accident in Pike county.

Elisha Potter of Gentryville, who is 89 years old, claims the distinction of having lived there longer than any other resident. He has lived in the same neighborhood 79 years, making more rails and digging more wells than any other man in the state. He has been twice married and is the father of eleven children. Both wives are dead.

A sunflower, grown by Mr. Timberlake, of Boone county, of enormous size being 22 inches in diameter and measured five feet in circumference. But the flower is not a whit bigger than the story.

That the dog committed suicide by jumping in front of the gun at a crucial moment, was the explanation a Jefferson City hunter offered for not returning in good order a squirrel dog borrowed from a friend.

Exhibiting in support of his claim an 8-leaf, 5-color fan made from a piece of soft wood and with no tool other than a pocket knife, J. R. Ryan of Wright county modestly admits that he is the best whittler in Missouri.

Milan is getting into the city class, according to Tom Dodge of the Standard. Roll top stockings are no novelty in Milan, and now the town is to have a Chinese laundry.

Visitors to the state fair at Sedalia say the policemen there are not so green as indicated by the story sent out recently that a grazing horse nibbled a cop there the other day.

A band of about a hundred gypsies, who have been in camp near Rocky Comfort, has started south for the winter.

Weston is hopeful that natural gas may be found there. Arrangements have been made for sinking test wells there soon.

Shep Brown, a young white man, was sentenced to 30 days in jail in Justice Miller's court recently, after pleading guilty to a charge of whipping his wife.—Cape Republican.

For his having umpired a Sunday ball game, Pleasant Green Baptist church in Monroe county has excommunicated one of its most active members. No prosecution is expected at the hands of the civil authorities.

A jockey who lives at Nevada rode to a fall the other day at Lamar, when an officer searched his hand baggage and found more than thirty pint bottles of liquor. A charge of bootlegging was lodged against the rider.

N. C. Bruce of Dalton has been awarded the championship medal for the best corn grown in Missouri and exhibited at the San Francisco exposition. He grew 114 bushels to the acre. Governor Major will present the medal.

When a "real actor" show came to Macon one night last week, regular patrons of the movies welcomed the change. So accustomed had they become to silent melodrama that when the villain took a shot at the hero the noise almost resulted in a panic.

Somebody's going to bob up again with the bromide about newspaper men being too inquisitive. The Keytesville Recorder wants to know the name of the young man there who won \$118 in a crap game and also that of a merchant who was the principal loser.

A watch lost in a creek near Weatherby forty one years ago was found the other day, reports the Altamont Times. The Times adds that the watch was still running and had lost only four minutes, explaining that the current of the creek kept the watch wound up. Next.

Two bootleggers, J. B. Byers and son, Arch, were tried Tuesday at Fredericktown. Arch insisted on a jury trial and played the lawyer on his own behalf. The evidence was conclusive and he was found guilty on four counts and fined \$1200. Seeing this the old man plead guilty to five counts.

"Never throw away anything just because it's old," is the motto of a Boone county resident, who, according to the Times, still uses a wagon, clock, saddle and razor purchased when he was married forty four years ago. "Every one of them is just as good as it was the day I got it," says he.

Last Monday Lige Cummings a foreman in the yard, was painfully injured by a flying piece of steel. The men were cutting a rail, when a piece of steel flew off and struck Mr. Cummings on the back of the right hand near the knuckles and came out near the wrist making an ugly wound. Mr. Cummings will not be able to use his hand for some days.—Illmo Jimline.

W. Scott Tinsman, general manager of the Rock Island lines who died recently after an operation at Rochester, Minn., was formerly a call boy at Trenton, and learned telegraphy there. He was afterwards made dispatcher, chief dispatcher, division superintendent and general manager in rapid succession, his rise being one of the most remarkable in the history of railroads. He was 47 years of age.

Disk or Plow Under Volunteer Wheat.

To avoid damage from the Hessian fly all volunteer wheat must be destroyed, according to Leonard Haseman, of the Missouri College of Agriculture. It caused much more of the trouble last year than most people realize and threatens to do so again.

The next wheat crop must be saved from the fly before the seed gets into the ground, for it is impossible to destroy the pest after the wheat begins to grow and the fly begins its attack. Fertilizing wheat and other popular treatments of infested wheat have been proven useless as remedies for the fly. The injury can be prevented but cannot be cured once the pest begins its work.

The weather for the past few months has favored the growth of the volunteer wheat, and where it was not properly destroyed during dry spells it is now full of flies and is almost sure to carry them thru the winter. Then in the early spring the flies will come out to lay eggs on the regular crop. Heavy diskings of fields overgrown with volunteer wheat will of course kill the wheat and much of the fly in it, though where the pest is in the flaxseed stage this diskings will not destroy them all. Plowing under is the only sure way to get all but it is too late for that in most places. The infested volunteer wheat should certainly not be left standing after the regular crop is sown. Where the infested volunteer wheat is present tear it to pieces and work as much of it under as possible, and then remember that proper timing of the sowing does help.

In the northern counties of the state the last week of September and the first week of October, in central Missouri a week or ten days later and in the southern part of the state a week to ten days later still are the proper times to sow wheat in a normal fall to escape the fall fly injury. A single farmer who disregards these dates may cause loss to the whole neighborhood. While fall pasture will not control the Hessian fly, it does help. If the wheat was sowed early and made a good growth it is almost sure to be infested. The flaxseeds are so far down that even the closest grazing will not reach them, but it does expose them to the winter weather.

Kelley owned a Packard, Jones owned a Lozier and Smith owned a Ford. They all died. Kelley came riding up to St. Peter and asked if he could enter. St. Peter said, "What kind of a car have you there?" Kelley answered, "A Packard." St. Peter said, "Nothing doing, go down to hell." Next came Jones. St. Peter stopped him and upon ascertaining his make of car, sent him down below. Then came Smith. St. Peter said, "What kind of a machine have you?" Smith answered, "A Ford." St. Peter said, "Poor man, you sure have had hell enough—you may go in."

According to an exchange one Dr. Tomlinson, of St. Louis, a manufacturer of worm medicine, has announced as an independent candidate for governor of Missouri. In his platform he favors "fountains," which he defines as open saloons, and wants them kept going continuously, days, nights and Sundays. It is apparent that a dose of his own medicine might do this freak some good.

The Southeast Missouri Products Show.

On October 27, 28, 29 and 30, there will be held at the State Normal School the 3rd Annual Products Show. At this show each county competes for cash prizes in field, orchard, garden, timber and geological products. The prizes are so arranged that it is possible for a county to win \$100.00 and, as there are five premiums in each class, every county stands a good chance of winning something.

In addition to the county premiums, big prizes are offered individuals for exhibits of anything grown or made in southeast Mo. The Corn Show, formerly held in January, will be held with the Products show. Three other big meetings will be going on in Cape Girardeau at the same time. They are the Southeast Missouri and Northeast Arkansas Highways Association, the S. E. Mo. Women's Federation of Clubs, and the S. E. Mo. Teachers' Association.

Write for premium lists. Plan to be in Cape Girardeau Oct. 27, 28, 29 and 30.

SETH BABCOCK, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

George Smith has on exhibition in the window of the Bank of Dexter a bunch of grapes and a cluster of raspberries that are the second crop for this year. The fruit is as perfect in every way as that produced from the same vines earlier in the season.—Dexter Messenger.

Ralph Planet, an arsnaut, fell about 400 feet when his balloon, an old one, collapsed at the Cape Girardeau fair last Saturday. The parachute was slow in opening but managed to open sufficiently to break his fall enough to confine his injuries to a broken leg. A large crowd witnessed the accident, as he hit the earth a short distance from his starting point. He was removed to a hospital where he later died as a result of his injuries.

While playing with a lawn mower last Saturday, Paul Shadwell, the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Vern Shadwell, of Missouri Avenue, almost severed the fingers of his right hand. The boy's hand was caught in the lawn mower and the fast revolving blades almost took off his fingers. A physician was summoned and the wound dressed. It was not necessary to amputate the fingers and the boy will recover.—Howell County Gazette.

Last Thursday morning Mr. West was working in the box factory lifting blocks out of the tank by means of hooks operated by power, and by some means one of the hooks slipped from the block which was being raised, and caught Mr. West under the right eye, making a jagged wound, but fortunately not touching the eye. It was a close call for had the hook struck him a quarter of an inch higher up it would have torn out the eye.

A well defined rumor on the streets of Charleston last Friday and Saturday to the effect that a shortage existed in the accounts of N. C. Curry of the Anniaton bank, grew into facts by Monday morning when it was given out by one of the directors of that institution that such was the case. So far as the investigation has been made it shows a shortage of a trifle more than \$4500 and the shortage is admitted by Mr. Curry.—Charleston Enterprise-Courier.

THE MOMENT'S SPUR

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

A dozen motor cars waited at Rosebush station for the arrival of the 6:30 train from town.

Marjorie Stone sat at the steering wheel of her own little runabout waiting for her father. A train whistled and presently the air vibrated with sound as it thundered into the station. Immediately there was a chorus of shouts as a man jumped from the train and ran across the platform.

"Stop him—stop him!" The fugitive darted around the building, fairly hurled himself into the tonneau of the Stone car and crouched in the bottom.

"Start off anywhere! I'll explain as soon as we're on the way!" he begged. For answer Marjorie pulled the starting lever and the beautiful big car glided away from the platform just as the pursuers panted around the building.

In a moment the big machine purred swiftly away from the depot and disappeared around the bend of Bushy road.

When they were ten miles from the station the man raised himself and stepped over the seat to sit beside Marjorie.

For the first time she took a good look at him and noted that he was young in spite of the gray hair that edged his temples. He was well dressed, but his clothing was covered with dust.

"Why did you save me?" he asked abruptly.

"I believe it was your gray hair," confessed Marjorie, with a swift glance in his direction. "I thought you were old, and I—I do pity old people."

"I feel old enough today!" muttered the man.

"You are in trouble?" she asked, softly.

He nodded. "It seems there was some trouble in Benton—the large town beyond here. I was there on business for my firm when I received a telegram saying that my father was dying in Albany. I sprang for the railroad station in order to catch the express. The whole town was out chasing a bold thief who had been working in daylight. I crossed his trail and they thought I was the man, and I couldn't persuade them to the contrary. So I shook them off and I held 'em off with my revolver until they reached here. I saw you sitting there and jumped in, and you know the rest!"

"And you want to go to Albany?" asked Marjorie without questioning his statement.

He nodded gratefully.

"We are near the Central railway, which will take you to Poughkeepsie," she said. "We can reach there in time for the 7:30—and I do hope you will reach there in time."

"You are good," he said with deep feeling.

In a few minutes they drew up at the Central depot and she watched him board the train and answered the wave of his hand with a fluttering handkerchief until the rear car disappeared in the woods.

Then she drove swiftly back to the station, to find that her father had arrived and was waiting. As they drove home in the twilight she told him the story of the fugitive and how she had helped him to escape.

Mr. Stone laughed skeptically and shook his head.

"Oh, my romantic daughter!" he teased her.

Marjorie blushed divinely. "If you had seen his eyes, daddy, you would never have doubted him," she protested.

The next evening he showed her the newspaper he had brought from town. In it was a full account of the Benton burglary and a picture of the thief, who had been caught.

"Daddy, it's not my pansy!" cried Marjorie; "he did tell the truth, after all."

Several weeks later Marjorie waited once more at Rosebush station for her father's arrival from town.

When the train came in Mr. Stone was accompanied by a man whose form was familiar to Marjorie. It was her fugitive!

Tawny eyes and violet ones met in a glad glance and then the man's hand went out in greeting as Mr. Stone introduced him.

"Marjorie, this is a son of my old friend, Arthur Gray. Gray died in Albany a short time ago—and you will be glad to hear that you helped young Arthur to reach his father in time to bid him farewell."

"Thanks to you," said Arthur.

Marjorie said she was glad, and then she became suddenly very shy, so that the two men were compelled to talk to each other as the big car whirled them toward home.

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